THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1440.

Choice Poetry.

LINES

TO MARY CATHARINE WEBSTER AGED SIX YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SOPHIA W. LLOYD.

There is a spot I love to visit
At the lovely meadow's end,
When the twilight circle around me,
And close the open flower—
To where little "Lady" slumbers,
Within the church-yard ground,
With the cold damp earth above her,
And the quiet dead around.

Not one look left the somber,
Of her happy household band,
Save the little bed we cherished,
Nipped ere it might expand.
We had her down in spirit,
The one we loved so well,
With anguish which they only
Who have mourned like us can tell.

Now she is sleeping sweetly,
With mingle to mock her grave,
Save the daisy, her own favorite,
And to her the flower we engrave.
We strewed it on her cradle,
We have on her church's bier,
And ever will the simple flower
Speak to us of "Lady" dear.

Perchance the one that sings there,
Will be the next to rest
Beside the dearly cherished,
Whose kind heart there rests by,
Some kind heart there will be,
As here hath mourned for thee.

FROM GRACE'S LADY'S BOOK.

TO ONE AFAR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Oh! strong and pure of soul—all earnest-hearted!
Like strongest pilgrims o' some way-side shrine
Hasten on, and, undismayed, toward the Holy Land
Thy journey leading far away from mine.

The cool of morning and the noontide burning
To triumph matches leading on the hours;
Thy life hath temple of wisdom, whose Gods are dearly won,
Where frauds Cimmerian play among the flowers.

Be not deceived by the false voice of the siren
Come to my yearning but imperfect sense—
The strength of a heart is not in tone of angel,
The fire of song, the storm of eloquence.

Thy far-light their grand vibrations far out shaping,
Like vessels heard, they come and go with the tide;
Thy soul, a lone mariner sweeping
Where flow my pastures like the graceful singing
Of pleasant meadows at the vintage time.

Abundance and power of words are thine, and fancies
It matters to Judge and jury, in storm and night—
While some of mine, like sea-birds, are fain to nestle
Yet—few of all things beautiful and bright.

Truth's sacrament couches there—I fancy's crave
The life of the heart, the life of the soul!
I feel the light-winged wild bird passing over,
One moment mirrored in the rushing river.

Thou were we parted—then still onward hasting,
Pursuing the grim goal of that life along;
While I rest among the flowers, and listen to the music
The little summer of my time of song.

A True Story.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN IRVING.

I Messrs. Editors—In the exquisite story by Grace Greenwood, suggested by the sad and beautiful history of Mary Catharine, entitled "Lady," the incident of burying the same beautiful precept, "Deal gently with the erring." The truth of the sketch may give it some interest.

In the village of H——, resided Henry Livingston, a man of good family and position in society, upright in his dealings, and possessing a nature of genuine, unostentatious goodness. He was not without his peculiarities—his faults—but these were merely of education and habit, and affected not the heart—the source of a constant kindness.

It so chanced, by some of the rigid religionists about him, he was looked upon with mistrust, as a man of unsound principles, and tainted with liberal opinions—for he was not of those who deem the way of life up "narrow" for any to walk in. Easily a night of the green fields and waving woods, and a breath of the fresh summer air.

Ah, it was pleasant to see the faint glow that delight sent to the sick one's cheek, as the mother carefully fanned her child, and placed her in the carriage, and very pleasant it was to see the father so note the happiness of that idle—family's first indulgence. The carriage was the business of late, had pressed so urgently upon Mr. Livingston, that he had had no time to view the wonderful machine in the possession of his child.

Only one who has been ill can realize the joy with which she saw again the blossoming vales, the bright streamlets, and felt the free passing of the breeze. Heaven! it was delight to stand the feeling of life's preciousness, the calm, eternal beauty of the world around us. The same then. It seemed that the music of the birds was sweeter, in the still, Sabbath air, than the fiercest song of the day, and the flowers of a softer green.

Ah, earth is always beautiful when it is Sabbath in the heart!

About five miles distant from R—— was the populous town of C——, where resided Emily's grand-parents, and at their door Mr. Livingston alighted, that his daughter might see for a while her friends.

They had remained about an hour, and Emily having recovered from her slight fatigue, and received the kisses and caresses of her doating grand-mother, to whom she was passionate and yet, was now ready for departure, when on going to the door, their horse and carriage was nowhere to be seen.

Here was an unexpected dilemma. The horse, though high spirited, Mr. Livingston knew to be well trained, and moreover, he had been securely fastened to the ring in the paved——there was no trace of the struggle that must have taken place had the animal broken away. "free himself—there was but one conclusion, he must have been most strongly stolen.

It was the first impulse of Mr. Livingston to institute an immediate search—but that was impracticable, for the sun was declining, and the dreadful daughter must be home before night, so after a moment's deliberation, he repaired to a livery-stable, whose keeper was known to him, there to procure a vehicle to convey himself and daughter back to R——, and to make arrangements for the recovery of his horse and carriage.

He had often driven the animal to town, and he found that the people of the stable needed no description of him. Mr. Smith, the keeper, readily agreed to dispatch men in pursuit, and after hastily arranging all necessary preliminaries, Mr. Livingston hurried back to his daughter.

Although there seemed hardly a possibility, that the horse should not be speedily recovered, still he felt some uneasiness, for the animal was one he had owned for two or three years, and to which he and his family were much attached, and he had some fears that the thief might have concealed his prize, with the intention of conveying him away in the night.

The neighbors had seen Mr. Livingston return with a horse and carriage not his own, and the story of the loss was soon noised about. It was that evening's theme for conversation in every house—some hoped that "if he could, they would make him feel his suffer," while others rejoined "that the villain should be in the hands of a lawyer, who must know how to manage him."

Mr. Livingston felt that it would be useless for him to leave the village that night. He could not aid the persons so much better qualified for the search than he, and all that was left for him was to be patiently until morning—trusting then to find his horse recovered, and the reckless perpetrator of the theft taken into custody.

And there was waiting in another home that night—in a dwelling on the outskirts of the town of C——.

It was a cottage-home—one of the thousand that are scattered over all New England—with each cottage-home its comfort and contentment. There was a little grass plot, fresh and green, in front of the door, a path ran between broad over and dropped in shadowing branches above the door, by whose side well trained roses held of a tasteful love.

In-doors neatness prevailed, and it might seem that comfort did also, but an acute observer would have seen that it was only comfort negligent—here and there a poor of furniture broken, which, from poverty, was not necessary article lost, that had not been replaced. Poverty, and the hard struggle to subject on the face of the young wife, who sat watching at the window, successfully lessening in the baby sleeping on her knee, and the child—watching for him who was the cause of all her grief—for the husband and father who she learned that she was indeed an inheritor's wife, that this was an inebriate's home.

Oh, was for the young bride, he was not rage or in palace-hall, when the lips that inebriated the cup pour, turn in love to the intoxicating wine-cup!

At the window beyond sat an old man—the setting sun falling in light upon his white hair—he was the father of the absent, and he also was gazing down the road, in anxious watching.

"Where can William be?" he asked for the hundredth time.

"I cannot think," replied the low, meek voice of Mary, "perhaps we'd better not wait any longer, and there may be a very sickness in the heart in her tones, as she turned to give to the father, and her little child, their simple evening meal.

Night came on—her boy had given her his good-night kiss, and gone to sleep, the pleasant of fruitless waiting, slept also—one by the side of the other in their narrow bed—the fire extinguished, and she shaded her own feeble light, and tried to close her eyes, when sleep, tormenting grief had long exercised them.

Weary with hearkening to every sound, at length she slept, for, alas! she was not the first night she had thus watched and listened—she had been unconscious but a few moments when the door was thrown violently open, and the father, who by no means looked deprecated—he had marked the genuine indignation that had been in her tones, and the flash of the eye, and the coarse accusations of Smith—and now as he spoke, it was with the assumed fire of the blusterer left alive for a few moments with the prisoner and his family.

At the first sound, he turned to William Mildred, and looking into his face, with his mild yet intense gaze, said firmly—"Did you do the truth when you said that this was the premeditated theft,—that it was done in a moment of lawless passion?"

There was no mistaking the fervent honesty with which he answered,—"As I hope for pardon in the last hour, I have not stolen the horse—I have only been guilty of a folly, in not sooner telling you that I was innocent."

"Where is he! Let me go to him!" were the first words.

"It's of no use, Mary, he's locked up for the night, and you can't see him until morning—and maybe not then, for I'm afraid Mr. Livingston won't his way, leaving the wife and father grieving upon each other in acute anguish.

At length the old man laid the white head upon his hands, and feebly groaned.

"Father, don't take on so," said Mary.

The words like a sword or w

Miscellaneous.

THE SATANIC PRESS.

The age we live in is remarkable for its multifarious and conflicting views of all the questions affecting good and evil. Life is more intense, and therefore, more stressful with us than it was with our grandfathers; and how to live to any purpose is a task very much longer than the man who lived to eighty a century ago. Steamships, Railroads, Electric Telegraphs, Photography, Gas, Petroleum, and all the rapid and ideal inventions from which we obtain the lighting, are received in all the vivid energy of their fresh conception. Then each day has its event; each year is compared; life has become intensified by the rapidity of communication. The moral world shares the new momentum of the intellectual and the physical, and the consequent virtues and revolting crimes are alike more than ever heroical. Fanaticism, Chivalry, Religion, impel their votaries to unwonted exertion; so do Lechery, Selfishness and Impiety.—And foremost among the instruments of good or bad stands THE SATANIC PRESS.

Although this spectacle of perdition had its camouflage among the darkest days of ebullient bombast and horror in Revolutionary France; yet it is essentially a more modern creation—the perverted product of a diseased Civilization where a debilitated and petulant populace gloat upon the carrion and poisonous fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Hence's journal and "Le Pere Duchesne," had doubtless some Satanic qualities, but these were mingled with and lost in the broad impulse—a instead of satisfied oppression, and at bottom, though misguided sympathy for the suffering. Saviour Millions. But the Satanic Press of our day has no such generous promptings. It has not even ambition—to achieve notoriety and be paid for its devotion by pandering to whatever is the mind and taste in a degraded portion of the population and enjoyment hence reach, and let others take care of consequences. "Every man has his call and the evil one take the hindmost," is its moral though unexpressed maxim.

The Satanic Press assiduously supplies and gluts every whatever is calculated to blacken and degrade human nature. It rules the gutters for and wide for accounts of revolting and abhorrent crime—for narratives of murder, rape, lunacy, parricide, &c., &c.

For corrupted purity and carnal crimes generally, but especially if committed by operatives in Congress or others who have been supposed devout or economical—it has a special zest. Every one of the most revolting details with a search of the, for which human life can throw the foundation from of the great body of its patrons. But merely to display such crimes would not enhance its whole interest; so it generally contrives to get up in well understood insinuation that all clergymen and communities are hypocrites, that all are only slyer or luckier—that what passes for virtue is only vice not yet detected. In search is, "Put your pardon, indulge your vicious propensities, but be both shrewdly—it is a crime to be found out."

Of course, wars, national rivalries, strong hearts, and fat-fight fed on admiring chronicler and reflect it may be attempted under lauds; wholesale vindicator in the Satanic Press. An Ukrainian, partizan, or subjugation of a weak nation by a strong one is to its eyes a glorious evidence of National Progress and Greatness; and, having justified aggressive War, it must then as a basis for justifying domestic brutality, and blood-thirsty urging Peace, whose success would be a loss to its occupation, and a blow to its profits. Hence every change, it is hard to see why intentional, may not. (Sure enough—why not?) Sensational evil and a desire beyond the simplicity honestly of a fat-fight, while devoting half its columns to the unnecessary exposition of all the details of the fight, and logging therein everything that can tend to what the critics appreciate as a good time. Thus pandering to every vice and reaping a harvest from every crime, even when affecting to rebuke them, it is the natural oracle of the low fool, the gaming-house, the "sporting" room and every sin whose criminal intelligence hides from public scrutiny. And it knows how to adapt its language to the taste of its readers, and to affect sympathy when affecting to reprobate them. Forgery, it says, is a bad business; but the inventor of a Bank paper is only a more ingenious person of the same sort; forestalling is not justifiable—but what else is all Wall Street doing? Murder is never to another? Isolation is not according to Moses; but how many marriages are really solid terms through subservient by Society? Theft is a crime, but why is one evil to justify and punish another, if misfortune is its lurid origin? So vice even while affecting to reprobate their practices, and fills its pockets from a dozen of sources with every abscentiator, upper-crust gambler, procuress, and circumspect villain in the land.

Religion is a standing bonfire to the Satanic Press, and it is handled in the same manner as with the same object as everything else. Let a misunderstanding or schism arise in any denomination, and it jumps into the matter with unrestrained zest aggravating the difficulty as much as possible, and then stoking it reflect the intense dulness on Religion generally. Its accuracy of Faith is far more revolting and pernicious than insults in a mere spirit of its utter falsehood. It assumes a patronizing tone toward the Christian Ministry, even while accusing their acts of polity and folly, estimating that with a course or better tuition they might become a credit to their cloth, and even as it is they are not bets only pity. It labors hard to excite them to jealousy and envy of each other, that it may have better opportunities of exhibiting them to disadvantage and bringing reproach on their common Master. Its logic, its Patriarchs and Prophets are its daily ripening, but only to exhibit them in a lustreless and disgusting light, as Saviour of the Virgin Mary's son who was selling oranges in the next street. Even the Sacred Scriptures are not spared, and its correspondents narrate recorded in Sacred History, or at some mysterious article of Christian Faith, the scene can please by, and what the issue would be contingently feel, that there is an undertone or mockery and decency in the style of its writing, that it is apply wishing to its ribald utterance, as if to say, "I do not believe these things, but what else think me as serious?" In very truth, its faith in Divine things is as cold as its faith in Humanity, and I often think of its creed affirms simply that "ginger is hot in the mouth."

Such, kindly described, are the leading characteristics of the Satanic Press, though its lesser, different and mendacious opinions ought perhaps to be glanced at. Parodies was a modest and truthful hero in comparison with the incessant and unmeasurable boasts. If you will believe it, it assumes every thing, practice every thing, promises every thing in advance of all its competitors in racism. Whatever is effected, is achieves, what ever is promised is performed. Its "enterprising and trying wonders" these it invents are the most preposterous.

But one such a Press be countenanced nor sustained by sedate and reputable people? Not directly and openly, but in a sneaking way it is allowed way it is. Few men who respect either themselves or their fellow-men will take it into any family premises any sooner than a bombshell admit, but many will clutch it on the lorry-boat, in the car, or on the street-corner, in the hope of finding in its columns some scandalous expose or prurient description—or thirdly against the grain, or based information of the non-existence or virtues of their neighbors. Such information is, for the most percentage, added to that which properly belongs to it, it thrives immensely, pouring to the proprietor in its coffers and the magnitude of its gains as a public endorsement of the soundness of its morals and the usefulness of its views.

—Reader! are you a patron of the Satanic Press?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COL. ETHAN ALLEN.

We have lately received of Col. Allen, which, we beware, has not yet been in print. Mr. B., Attorney of Vermont, once received from some person in Northern of land for 1776 against Ethan Allen for collection. It being inconvenient for him at that time to pay the note, it was sued. When the case came on for trial, Allen employed a lawyer to get the matter settled, and offered to raise money to settle the demand, and accordingly the attorney, to the readiest means of consummating his object, consented to deny the genuineness of the signature. The would oblige the plaintiff to prove the signature, and as the note was dated in Boston, could not easily be brought forward on the instant; and if the non-attendance would be to cause the plaintiff to postpone the trial till next term, then the case was ended, it happened that Allen was at a summer part of the country, and, to his utter astonishment, heard his lawyer gravely plead the signature of the note. Now being and fierce soldier he rushed through the crowd, and confronting the astonished "limb of the law," rebuked him in a voice of thunder,

"Mr.——, I did not hire you to come here and lie—lie! a free note—I expect you to swear to it—and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling, I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court—not to come here and lie and juggle about it."

The lawyer said that the postponement of the claim was unlawfully arranged between the two lawyers.

☞ An exchange paper observes that it is fully as important to ask an editor the name of some of his correspondents, as of an old maid or widow, and you will get the truth just about as soon.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Why swell a million hearts to-day,
With memories of the past?
Why rouse out you deep thunder-peal
From your tranquil rest?
Why hold the bonfire, the lamp,
The flood of wine?
It is the day the gave
One Patriot Hero born!

A hundred years with all their train
Of shadow have gone by,
And yet the mighty name remains
A bound the ocean shore!
The proudest on the hill, the vale,
And on the mountain tall,
And speaks to every young heart's gale
And soaring vassals!

No temple on its rearing spot,
No monument of marble,
But he is still a nobler toil,
A grander Nation's home!
Old Time, that hides the mouldering bone,
Makes green each hero's tomb!
That blooms upon the ashened bone
Of our lamented Dead!

He deeds were core—but through the world
That Mighty Chief will be
Never forgotten a hundred years
The Prophet of the Free!
And, as they hand their deeds to men
Of Freedom's burning zone,
There shrine will chief upon the shrine
"Our God, and Washington!"

WRONG DATES TO LOVE-LETTERS.

——The New York Intelligencer have furnished the usual amount of chit-chat and gossip, and we have, from time to time, copied that the portion of long from one year to another in the pay society of ladies' friends, it culminated in the "first circles" by *leaving all* more out of the usual circle routine.

Among the anecdotes of the season, is the mention of the unlucky accident by which one of the most conspicuous leaders of Paris lately lost a widow's mite. It was a letter from a lady to whom she chose to be united. It was an engagement of marriage between the two, which had no hopes, repeated the last fortnight, and made him supremely contented and happy. He had, however, written a letter to one of whom it was necessary to take convivial leave, and the last night of the year was agreed upon to be devoted to the purpose. Unfortunately for the success, could not see his widow for the twenty-four hours in which this event was to be inherited, and so she was continentally fond of love letters, and so she was continentally fond of love letters, and so she was continentally fond of love letters

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week for an *increase* in our subscription list to friends at Prattville, Alabama; Cumberland Valley, New Providence and Wesleyville, Pennsylvania; Keene, Kentucky; Lacon, Collinsville, Waynesville and Beardstown, Illinois; Salisbury, Abbott's Creek and Farmington, North Carolina; Orleans, Indiana; Mystic, Connecticut; Waterford and New Lisbon, Ohio; Watertown, New York; and South Barre, Vermont. Also for a *second* increase to friends at Bristol, New York; Newark, Ohio; and McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Also for entirely new lists to Jonesville and Baldwinsville, New York. Also to numerous other friends for various smaller additions to their respective lists; and to those of our old subscribers who have "come up to the captain's office and settled" like those who know that a paper cannot be supported with that article alone, which it is said a certain bad place is paved with, "good intentions."

A STRANGE STORY.

The Buffalo Advertiser tells a strange story to the effect that the eldest son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., who, it says, is generally believed to have died in a dungeon, shortly after the execution of his father, was brought to this country, delivered into the hands of the North-Western Indians, and finally made a chief of. The Rev. Mr. Porter, of Green Bay, in writing to Rev. Mr. Post, makes the following remark:—"We have all been surprised at developments which go on to prove that Rev. Mr. Williams, of this vicinity, is the son of Louis XVI. of France."

The Prince de Joinville, in the fall of 1841, is said to have sought out this chief, who has become a Missionary among the Indians, and treated him with great attention. It is also stated that on the return of the Prince to France, Louis Philippe sent to the obscure Missionary an autograph letter, thanking him for his attention to his son, and accompanied this letter with a donation truly royal. All of which may be true, but certainly is very improbable.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 116—adults 52, and children 64.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 20th, Mr. Benton submitted a memorial from De Page asking the appointment of a Committee to examine his invention for applying electro-magnetism for the purposes of navigation and locomotion. Mr. B. offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of seven for this purpose. Adopted.

After some time spent on unimportant business, the General Appropriation bill was taken up.

Mr. Walker offered an amendment to extend the revenue laws over California and New Mexico; also the Constitution of the United States and all other general laws applicable thereto, so that the President may appoint officers to make the necessary regulations to carry into effect the object contemplated in this amendment, which is to preserve order and administer justice in these territories. Mr. Walker spoke briefly in support of his amendment.

Mr. Bell offered an amendment to the amendment for the erection of a State Government in California, and striking out of Mr. Walker's amendment all conflicting with the same.

Much surprise and disapprobation was expressed by various members at the offering of such an amendment to an Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Bell said that he felt much embarrassed by the disapprobation of his course manifested by Senators, and the opposition which was made, but a sense of duty prompted him to persist, however unpleasant it might be to him personally. He saw that this was the only chance for a vote on this important subject, and he therefore felt bound to press his amendment. He spoke ably and at great length on the subject.

On the 21st, Mr. Bell continued his remarks in support of the amendment offered by him, which simply provided for the admission of California, Oregon and New Mexico into the Union as States, or as a consolidated State, until such time as, by local legislative action, it is divided into separate commonwealths. The local officers to be appointed by the President. He contended that the creation of a State, as provided for in the amendment, was constitutional. He also argued to show that such an amendment could be engrafted on this bill.

The yeas and nays were ordered on Mr. Bell's proposition, when it was rejected by a vote of, yeas 4, nays 39.

On the 22nd, Mr. Webster, after some preliminary remarks, offered a paper, to be hereafter submitted as an amendment to the General Appropriation Bill, authorizing the President to hold possession of California and New Mexico; and for the purpose of maintaining authority and preserving order in the said Territories, he be also authorized to employ the Navy and Army for that purpose; existing laws to remain in force, and officers to be appointed to enforce them; martial law not to be proclaimed at any time; an appropriation to be made by Congress to carry out the aforesaid objects.

A large number of private bills were disposed of, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, various House bills were received, among them the bill giving priority to widows and orphans in the settlement of claims arising out of the late war with Mexico.

Mr. Pearce said that he was opposed to the passage of such a bill, as it was not only calculated to inflict great injustice, but it was a sort of sentimental legislation, which should meet with no encouragement. He therefore moved to lay the bill on the table. Carried.

Mr. Rusk submitted a joint resolution for the establishment of a Branch Mint in California.—Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Henry Johnson reported a joint resolution, giving bounty land to substitutes serving in Mexico.

Mr. Downs offered an amendment, giving bounty land to soldiers who enlisted for five years but were discharged before the expiration of the term.

The subject was discussed by Messrs. Downs, Johnson and Jefferson Davis, when the amendment was rejected, and the resolution passed.

A bill allowing payment for horses lost belonging to the Encarnacion prisoners was taken up, considered and passed.

The General Appropriation Bill was next taken up, when Mr. Dayton offered his proposition for a temporary government in New Mexico and California, which he handed in on Wednesday as an amendment to Mr. Walker's amendment. He made a speech on the subject.

When he concluded, Mr. Webster rose and said, the Senate and the country would bear witness he had no hand in bringing about the state of things calling for such proceedings.—The Senate being now engaged in the present project, showed the impolicy of territorial acquisitions on our Southern border; but things past should not be mingled with the present.—Enough for the day is the evil thereof. It was not prudent to dwell too much on the past, nor wise to attempt too much for the future. Our duty now was to give a peaceable government to California, to preserve the lives of the good disposed residents, and to restrain the evil disposed. We should not go beyond this object at present. No attempt should be made to execute revenue laws. This could not be done without Courts, which could only be established under a regular Government. Any Government for these territories must be at present substantially a military one. A bill had come from the House for extending the revenue laws over the territories. The course he would recommend to the Senate would be to resist all these amendments to the Appropriation Bill, and when the bill was disposed of, to take up the subject of territories and act independently on it. If this course was adopted, when the House bill came up, he would move to strike out all after the enacting clause, and insert the proposition offered on Wednesday. The disposition manifested by the Senate showed that none of these amendments to the Appropriation Bill were acceptable. He had avoided, and would avoid all extraneous subjects, and would bring up no subjects calculated to excite local prejudices. He would oppose all movements calculated to prevent the adoption of a practical and secure system for regulating and preserving the peace in the new territories.

Mr. Webster's speech occupied about fifteen minutes, during which he was listened to with marked attention.

On the 24th, Mr. Dickinson, of New York, presented the credentials of his colleague, Wm. H. Seward, elected Senator for six years from the 4th of March next, in place of John A. Dix, whose term of service expires with the present Congress.

Mr. Fitzpatrick offered a joint resolution proposing to confer upon Major General Scott the title of "Brevet Lieutenant General," in consideration of his gallant conduct and brilliant services during his late campaign in Mexico. The resolution having been read a first time, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, objected to the second reading, and the resolution was laid aside.

The bill making the annual appropriations for the Civil and Diplomatic expenses of the Government was taken up, and

Mr. Walker proceeded to address the Senate at some length in support of his amendment, heretofore submitted, making certain provisions for the temporary government of the new territories.

Mr. Hale opposed the amendment. He was in favor of attempting the establishment of regular governments in the territories, by the passage of independent bills.

Mr. Webster spoke briefly, to show the impossibility of adopting the amendments.

Mr. Calhoun expressed his sentiments on the various points raised in the debate. Messrs. Calhoun and Webster replied to each other several times on constitutional points.

On the 26th, Mr. Spruance presented the credentials of Mr. Wales, Senator elect from Delaware, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Clayton. The customary oath being administered, he took his seat.

The bill to remunerate Louisiana for draining certain swamp lands was taken up, and after a brief discussion, passed final reading.

Mr. Underwood reported a bill for taking the seventh census of the United States. Not considered.

The discussion of the different propositions for temporary governments in the new Territories was continued by Messrs. Downs, Bell, Berrien, Dayton and Underwood.

At 4 o'clock the Senate took a recess until 6 o'clock.

On reorganizing, the same debate was continued by Messrs. Hanley, Dayton, Niles and Westcott, after which the vote was taken on Mr. Dayton's amendment. The yeas stood 8, as follows: Messrs. Allen, Atherton, Cameron, Dayton, Dodge of Iowa, Dodge of Wisconsin, Hamlin, Mangum. The nays were 47.

The vote on Walker's amendment stood yeas 29, nays 27, so it was carried by a majority of two.

The amendment containing an appropriation for a Mission to the German Confederation was also adopted.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, the Committee of Ways and Means reported a substitute for the bill formerly reported, authorising the coinage of gold dollars. The substitute authorises the coinage of double eagles, in addition to gold dollars.

The substitute was discussed at length by Messrs. Joseph R. Ingersoll, McKay, Nichol, Hudson and others. Messrs. Ingersoll and Hudson opposed the bill upon the ground that double eagles were not necessary and that gold dollars could be too readily counterfeited. Authorise this coinage, and, they said, the country would be flooded with counterfeits which nobody could tell from the genuine.

The bill was however passed by a large majority.

Mr. McKay, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill altering the mileage law, which he advocated in a speech of considerable length. In the course of his remarks he stated that the annual mileage sum paid members and officers of the Government amounted to between four and five hundred thousand dollars. The sum already appropriated this session for members and delegates, amounted to one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The bill was laid, temporarily, aside.

On the 21st, the bill introduced by Mr. McKay, regulating mileage, so as to be computed by the shortest continuous mail route, and restricting the customary appropriations for books for the use of members, was taken up, considered and passed.—Yeas 157, nays 16.

The bill establishing a collection district at Brazos St. Jago, was taken up and read twice.

The bill respecting Alabama school lands was read, and after having been advocated by Mr. Houston, passed.

The bill providing for a Geologist to go to California, was laid on the table.

Mr. Dickson's bill abolishing the franking privilege, was next considered. Amendments were offered by Messrs. Dickson, Goggin and Ashmun, those offered by the two latter gentleman, being relative to a still further reduction in the present rates of postage.

The House having gone into Committee of the Whole to consider this bill, Mr. Goggin addressed the Committee in favor of cheap postage and abolishing the franking privilege. Having occupied the floor his hour, he was followed by Mr. Cobb, of Georgia. Mr. Cobb opposed Mr. G.'s amendment, because it would have a tendency to the general circulation of copper money at the South, a thing the South would never tolerate.

Mr. Kauffman offered an amendment similar in its character to Mr. Goggin's.

Mr. Palfrey next addressed the Committee, taking ground with the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of cheap postage.

Mr. Venable addressed the Committee on the subject, urgently expressing his opposition to abolishing the franking privilege.

Mr. Ashmun's amendment, reducing letter postage to a uniform rate of two cents was rejected, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Sibley asked for a suspension of the rules, in order that he might move that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from the further consideration of the Minesota Territorial Bill. Agreed to.

The bill was then reported to the House and read by sections. Mr. Sibley called for the yeas and nays on its final passage.

Mr. Boyden said that the Delegate from Minesota, had no right to make any motion.

The Speaker decided that a Delegate had the right to debate and make motions, but that he could not vote.

A motion was made to amend, so that the bill take effect from and after the 10th of March next, and decided in the affirmative. Yeas 99; nays 95.

The bill was then laid aside, and the Speaker announced the first thing in order, to be calling upon Standing Committees for reports.

The bill extending the Revenue Laws over the new Territories acquired by the war with Mexico was then taken up, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Duer moved to lay the bill upon the table. The question was then taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative—yeas 83, nays 145.

The bill was then passed, and the House adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Vinton then moved to go into Committee of the Whole, which was carried, and with Mr. White as Chairman, went into consideration of the bill for the support of the Post Office Department.

Mr. Goggin proposed an amendment, reducing letter postage to a uniform rate of three cents if prepaid, and five cents if not, on all half ounce letters. The Chair decided the amendment to be out of order.

Mr. Goggin appealed from this decision, but the Chair was sustained.

Mr. Turner made a speech on the Territorial slavery question.

Mr. Tallmadge called the gentleman to order for irrelevancy, and said that there had been enough of the slavery discussion.

The Chair, however, decided that he was in order, and could proceed.

Mr. Turner then resumed, and gave his views at length upon the subject.

Mr. McDowell followed in an argument favoring the principles of the California bills offered by Mr. Douglass in the Senate, and Mr. Preston in the House. He assumed a conservative position, and called upon all sections of the country to remember and obey the counsel of Washington, and come up to the settlement of the Territorial question like brethren and patriots. His speech is said to have been the most eloquent of the session.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Putnam and Mann in able speeches, on the other side of the question.

On the 24th, Mr. Farrelly, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution, directing the Committee on Printing to inquire into the expediency of printing forty thousand extra copies of the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents. The resolution was considered and agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Harmonson, of Louisiana, the House took up the bill for draining certain swamp lands in the State of Louisiana. The question on its final passage was put, and carried.

The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Post Office Bill.

Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, addressed the committee.

Mr. Murphy, of New York, followed. He complimented the gentlemen from Virginia (Mr. McDowell,) for his splendid speech on the subject, recently delivered upon that floor; but he could not help believing that the gentleman was attaching too much importance to the territorial question. The people would settle the question judiciously, and disappoint the expectations of the disunionists. Congress, he maintained, had nothing to do with slavery. It was purely a municipal and local institution. The people of California, as well as other States or Territories, had the sole right to say whether they would tolerate the institution within their borders or not.

The debate was then stopped, in accordance with the resolution previously adopted by the House. The committee rose, and the bill was read by sections.

Mr. Ashmun offered an amendment, reducing the rates of postage and abolishing the franking privilege, which was decided to be out of order. The bill was then finally passed.

On motion of Mr. Wentworth, the House again went into committee, Mr. Vinton in the chair, and took up the California Territorial Bill.

The chairman proceeded with a constitutional argument respecting the powers vested in Congress, when it was asserted that Congress had no more power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, than in a square of ground purchased in the city of Charleston and appropriated to the uses of the Custom House.

Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, obtained the floor, when the committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 26th, on motion of Mr. Gaines, the Senate bill, allowing pay and subsistence to certain Arkansas and other volunteers, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Tallmadge offered a resolution giving to the officers and pages of the House the customary extra compensation. Laid on the table.

Mr. Hampton, of New Jersey, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of erecting a light house at East Point, Maurice River. Adopted.

Mr. Atkinson presented a series of resolutions passed by the Legislature of Virginia, in regard to the rights of the South. He commenced a speech in support of the resolutions, but

The House refused to listen to him, and amid much confusion and merriment, a motion to lay the resolution on the table prevailed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Vinton in the chair, and took up the California Bill.

Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, addressed the Committee. He was followed by Mr. Gayle, who advocated the rights of the Southern people to take their property, of all kinds, to any lands they might purchase in the new territories.

Mr. Root next addressed the Committee. He took the ultra Wilmot Proviso ground, and had no respect for the Southern plunges of Charles Brown and Mr. Murphy. A portion of his remarks were very facetious, and convulsed the House with laughter.

Mr. Evans, of Maryland, followed. He contended that the new territories were very large, and would be filled up with people to whom we owed a government.

Miscellaneous.

A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

[The following well-written description of a Buffalo Stampede, is from "Roland Cashel," by Charles Lever—a work the reception of the first number of which we noticed two weeks ago:]

"It chanced that some years ago I made one of a hunting party into the Rocky Mountains, and finally as far as Pueblo Santo, the last station before entering the hunting-grounds of the Camanches, a very fierce tribe, and one with whom all the American traders have failed to establish any relations of friendship or commerce. They care nothing for the inventions of civilization, and, unlike all other Indians, prefer their own bows and arrows to fire-arms.

"We had been now four days within their boundary, and yet never met one of the tribe.—Some averred that they always learned by the scouts whenever any invasion took place, and retired till they were in sufficient force to pour down and crush the intruders. Others, who proved better informed, said that they were hunting in a remote tract, several days journey distant. We were doubly disappointed, for besides not seeing the Camanches, for which we had a great curiosity, we did not discover any game. The two or three trails we followed led to nothing, nor could a hoof track be seen for miles and miles of prairie. In this state of discomfiture, we were sitting one evening around our fires and debating with ourselves whether to turn back or go on, when the dispute waxing warm between those of different opinions, I, who hated all disagreements of the kind, slipped quietly away, and throwing the bridle on my horse, I set out for a solitary ramble over the prairie.

"I have the whole scene before me this instant, the solemn desolation of that dreary track! For scarcely had I gone a mile over what seemed a perfectly level plain, when the swelling inequalities of the ground shut out the watch-fires of my companions, and now there was nothing to be seen but the vast expanse of land and sky, each colored with the same dull leaden tint of coming night, no horizon was visible, nor a star appeared, and in the midst of this grey monotony a stillness prevailed that smote the heart with something more appalling than mere fear. No storm that ever I listened to at sea, not the loudest thunder that ever crashed, or the heaviest sea that ever broke upon a leeward shore at midnight, ever chilled my blood like that terrible stillness. I thought that the dreadful roll of an avalanche, or the heaving ground swell of an earthquake, had been easier to bear. I believe I actually prayed for something like sound to relieve the horrible tension of my nerves, when, just as if my wish was heard, a low booming sound like the sea within a rocky cavern, came borne along on the night wind. Then it lulled again, and after a time grew louder. This happened two or three times, so that, half suspecting some self delusion, I stopped my ears, and then on removing my hands, I heard the noise increasing till it swelled into one dull roaring sound, that made the very air vibrate. I thought it must be an earthquake, of which it is said many occur in these regions, but from the dreary uniformity, leave no trace behind.

"I resolved to regain my companions at once; danger is always easier to confront in company, and, so I turned my horse's head to go back. The noise was now deafening, and so stunning that the very ground seemed to give it forth. My poor horse became terrified, his flanks heaved, and he labored in his stride as if overcome by fatigue.—This again induced me to suspect an earthquake, for I know by what singular instincts animals are apprised of its approach. I, therefore, gave him the spur, and urged him on with every effort, when suddenly he made a tremendous bound to one side, and set off with the speed of a racer. Stretched to his fullest stride, I was perfectly powerless to restrain him; meanwhile, the loud thundering sounds filled the entire air—more deafening than the greatest artillery; the crashing uproar smote my ears, and made my brain ring with the vibration, and then suddenly the whole plain grew dark behind and at either side of me, the shadows swept on and on, nearer and nearer, and the sounds increased, till the black surface seemed, as it were, about to close around me; and now I perceived that the great prairie, far as my eye could stretch, was covered by a herd of wild buffalo; struck by some sudden terror, they had taken what is called 'the stampedo,' and set out at full speed.—In an instant they were around me on everyside—a great moving sea of dark backed monsters, roaring in terrible uproar, and tossing their savage heads to and fro, in all the paroxysm of terror. To return, or even to extricate myself, was impossible, the dense mass pressed like a wall at either side of me, and I was borne along in the midst of the heaving herd, without the slightest hope of rescue. I cannot—you would not ask me, if even I could—recall the terrors of that dreadful night, which in its dark hours compassed the agonies of years. Until the moon got up, I hoped that the herd might pass on, and leave me at liberty behind; but when she rose, and I looked back, I saw the dark sea of hides, as it covering the whole wide prairie, while the deep thunder from afar mingled with the louder bellowing of the herd around me.

"I suppose my reeling brain became maddened by the excitement; for even yet, when by any accident I suffer slight illness, terrible fancies of that dreadful scene come back; and I have been told that, in my wild cries and shouts, I seem encouraging and urging on the infuriate herd, and by my gestures appearing to control and direct their headlong course. Had it been possible, I believe I should have thrown myself to the earth as I sought death at once, even in this dreadful form, than live to die the thousand deaths of agony that night inflicted; but this could not be, and so, as day broke, I was still carried on, not, indeed, with the same speed as before; weariness weighed on the vast moving mass, but the pressure of those behind still drove them onward. I thought the long hours of darkness were terrible; and the appalling gloom of night added tortures to my sufferings; but the glare of daylight, the burning sun, and the clouds of dust were still worse. I remember, too, when exhaustion had nearly spent my last frail energy, and when my powerless hands, letting fall the bridle, dropped heavily to my side, that the herd suddenly halted—halted as if arrested by some gigantic hand; and then the pressure became so dreadful that my bones seemed almost bursting from my flesh, and I screamed aloud in my agony. After this I remember little else. The other events of that terrible ride, are like the shadowy spectres of a magic lantern; vague memories of sufferings, pangs that even yet chill my blood, steal over me, but unconnected and incoherent, so that when, as I afterward heard, the herd dashed into the Camanche encampment, I have no recollection of anything, except the terror-struck faces of the red men, as they bent before me, and seemed to worship me as a deity. Yes, this terrible tribe, who had scarcely ever been known to spare a white man, not only did not injure, but they treated me with the tenderest care and attention. A singular incident had favored me; one of the wise men had foretold some days before that a herd of wild buffalo, sent by their god, Anadonga, would speedily appear, and rescue the tribe from the horrors of impending starvation. The prediction was possibly based upon some optical delusion, like that I have mentioned. Whatever its origin, the accomplishment was hailed with ecstacy; and I myself, a poor, almost dying creature, stained with blood, crushed and speechless, was regarded as their deliverer and preserver."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—When our flag was first unfurled from its staff in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard inveighing, with lugubrious earnestness, against the pertinacity with which that flag had pursued his fortunes. In broken English he exclaimed:—"I was de Spanish Concil in de Louisine when dat flag was raise, and I go to Pensacola, but soon dat flag was over me dere. I live den in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dare. Says I, I go where dat flag never come. I come to Tampico, but here is dat flag agin. I believe if I go to the devil dat same flag will follow me dere." And the old man wept as he turned away his eyes from that flag, which like his evil genius had haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heartfelt misery.

AN ODD PRIEST.

An incident has been related to us in which Mr. Macready, the tragedian, was made to suffer the pangs of purgatory while yet in "this breathing world." It is well know that he is extremely particular upon the stage, and exacts of the actors implicit obedience to his manifold suggestions, and consequently a very great deal of nervousness is experienced in playing with him. "The little people," as they are technically termed, who play minor parts, are often so terrified for fear of making a *faux pas* that they literally do "put their foot in it" most essentially. On one occasion while playing "Hamlet," Mr. Macready was altogether too much for the unfortunate personator of the "Priest" at the burial of poor Ophelia, who would gladly have cried,

"Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus."

After having bestowed the body of the fair Ophelia' Laertes inquires of the priest: "What ceremony else?" to which the priest should respond,

"Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. *Her death was doubtful*;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and *the bringing home*
Of bell and burial."

Instead of this, however, when asked "what ceremony else?" he observed Macready watching like a cat, and becoming confused, delivered himself as follows:

"Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty—as we have warranty!"

Prompter—Her death doubtful.

Priest—"It's doubtful whether she's dead or not!"

Mr. Macready, (aside)—Good—heavens!—is it possible!

Priest—"Throw flints and pebbles on her and bring her home for bell and burial."

If a thunder cloud had suddenly swept across the stage, the face of the tragedian could not have presented a more sombre appearance; daggers were in his gaze, and the priest determined that if he waited any longer there would be "some ceremony else," and, gathering his clerical robes about him, made his exit with a rush, amid shouts of laughter from the audience.—*N. O. Pic.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL TAYLOR'S PROGRESS.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin, who went up the river with Gen. Taylor, relates the following.

At Columbia (Arkansas) an accident occurred to the steamboat, which made it necessary for the General to land in a skiff. In addition to the rower already in the skiff, a drunken fellow jumped in immediately after him, and stood up in the small and frail affair, so as seriously to endanger the upsetting of the skiff, and occasioned no little anxiety among us. "Sit down, my good man, sit down," said the General; but the more he asked him the more he would not do it, and began backing the skiff under the guards of the boat and across her lines, until at last the General lost all patience, and finally exclaimed, "Sit down, you drunken rascal, or I'll throw you overboard," and never did a fellow come to anchor in quicker time, to the relief of us all, particularly when he was safely landed. The scene ashore was not a little entertaining—all of the vicinity seemed to be collected, men, women and little ones, and the General had to go through the kissing process with the feminines, which he did with good grace, though some thought he *did* baulk a little with one hard-favored subject. The reception room was illuminated by one "tallow dip," just enough to make darkness visible. A good visaged fellow came up to enquire from one of the "tail" in a most confidential whisper, whether the General *ever* drank brandy. "No, never," was the reply in a whisper equally energetic, "*but his friends do*," and the black bottle was forthcoming without delay. Among other curiosities produced, was a young Arkansas *sucker*, some 9 or 10 months old, whom his mother presented. The General shook his hand and expressed an opinion that he no doubt would some day be a General also, and he was at once dubbed "the young General," by which name he will probably be known in future.

A NEW SPECIES OF COTTON, called the Prolific Pomegranate, surpassing any of the gossypium family, has been grown in Mississippi, by Gen. Mitchell, of Warren county. The tops and side branches are all thickly studded with bolls. The stalk does not attain a height usually of more than four or five feet, but every portion of the plant is literally covered with bolls, which are sustained in an upright position by the strength and vigor of the stem and branches. The chief peculiarity of this plant is that the stem and branches have no *joints* as in other kinds; and although the bolls are so numerous, there can be no inconvenience in picking. The staple is beautiful, and far more silky than the best Petit Gulf. From one-third of an acre (measured) he gathered and weighed the past season 2,142 lbs. of superior cotton. One hundred pounds of the seed cotton yielded 32½ lbs. lint, and by an accurate test he found sixty-five bolls made one pound of lint.

☞ Kentucky has sent this year, to the single market of Cincinnati, over one hundred and twenty thousand hogs, which realized to the owners nearly $80 000.

Items of News.

THE GREEK SLAVE.—Powers, the Sculptor, never, perhaps, had a more flattering or sincere compliment paid his genius than this. A little son of the late Richard Menfee, of Kentucky, fell from the cars on the road between Lexington and Frankfort, and his arm was terribly crushed, and had to be amputated. As soon as the operation was over, says the Journal, his afflicted mother went in tears to his bedside, and said to him, "My poor boy, your visit to Louisville has been a dear one to you." "Ah, mother," replied the little fellow, with a look and tone of animation, "*but I saw the Greek Slave.*"

RECIPROCITY OF TRADE WITH CANADA.—The following resolution was passed in the Canadian Parliament on the 31 inst.:

"That it is expedient to provide for the free admission of grain and breadstuffs of all kinds, vegetables, fruits, seeds, animals, hides, wool, butter, cheese, tallow, horns, salted and fresh meats, ores of all kinds of metals, ashes, timber, staves, wood and lumber of all kinds, of the growth of the United States of America into Canada, whenever similar articles, the production of Canada, shall be admitted without duty into the said United States."

KISSING WITH A WILL.—The Louisville Journal, in its account of the reception by Gen. Taylor of the ladies at the Galt House, says:

"Many of them offered their bright and beautiful lips, and received as hearty kisses as lips could possibly desire. Some of the jealous young gentlemen thought that the old chieftain, instead of kissing as a mere matter of form, kissed with a very decided appetite. Whatever he does he does with a will."

THE HEMPSTEAD MURDER.—A committee of citizens of Hempstead, L. I. visited the scene of the late conflagration in which Mrs. Miller and her children lost their lives. An affidavit was made before the Coroner by several persons, setting forth that they had strong suspicions of Jonathan Miller, the husband and father of the victims. A warrant was issued and he was arrested. Great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood.

GRAPHIC.—The following letter from a young officer, published in the New York Courier, gives a tolerably graphic account of the travel across the Isthmus:

My Dear G——: I have just arrived at Panama. I thought I "saw the elephant" in Mexico, but he wasn't there. He lives here.

Yours, affectionately.

LITERARY WAGGERY.—There is a very unusual excitement in Buffalo, in regard to the officers of the Young Men's Association, about to be elected. There are five or six tickets in the field. One is composed of Smiths entirely. Another is made up of men, every one of whom weighs over 230 lbs., and another still is composed of those only who wear spectacles.

STRANGE CASE.—A man named Alvord, left in Hartford, twenty one years ago, his wife, who supposing him dead, was married to a second husband, and becoming a widow, married a third, who is still living. Last week the first returned from South America, where he had been since his departure.

MAKING IRON SWIM.—One Dr. McCurdy, of Alabama, has lately asserted in a lecture, that he has discovered a method of rendering an iron wedge buoyant in water—not, however, we fancy, according to the method of the St. Petersburg savant in the story, by "pumping the gravity out of it."

INTERMARRIAGES.—A correspondent of the Lewisburg (Va.) Chronicle, says:—"Four brothers and two sisters, all descendants of the same parents, have been married to four sisters and two brothers, all the descendants of one father and mother, all of Kanawha county, Va.

NEGROES IN OHIO.—The recent census of Ohio shows that there are in the southern division of the State 15,000 colored persons, and in the northern division, where the feeling of abolition is strongly fixed, only 3,311. The colored people naturally take to the warmer climate.

AMERICAN REPUBLICANS IN ROME.—Among the battalions of the civic guard in Rome, is a company of American citizens studying the fine arts in that city.

FITNESS OF JURORS.

During the empanelling of a jury in a recent—or pending—murder trial at New York, a juror, who said he had read all about the case, and argued it with his acquaintances, though not, he declared, to get rid of jury duty, was discharged by Judge Edmonds, as "unfit to be a juror."

"The Judge, in continuation," according to the report of the trial in the Herald, "said he was sorry to say that the administration of justice was very much impeded by gentlemen reading ex-parte accounts in the newspapers, and then forming opinions, to get rid of jury duty. Thus we are (he said) driven to take the most illiterate and ignorant persons in the community for jurors, while the intelligent and educated get rid of a duty they owe to the public by this unworthy means."

At this rate we shall have no administration of justice at all by and by, since the tendency of the age is most decidedly for gentlemen to read every thing that interests them in the newspapers, and to form opinions thereon, (how can they help doing so?) though not to get rid of jury duty. The principle propounded by Judge Edmonds must make the Kickapoo state of utter savagism where newspapers are unknown and men are too stolid to form opinions, more favorable than any civilized state to the administration of justice. But that would bring us to the "illiterate and ignorant persons," whom Judge E. is so sorry to be driven to accept as jurors. In fact, Judge E. would have for jurors intelligent and educated men who do not happen to read and form opinions—that is, men who do not live, and who never can, or will live.

Perhaps the difficulty which gentlemen of the bench, like Judge E., lament in this matter, is one of their own making. Perhaps the true test of juror competency is the ability to form opinions, just and honest ones, according to the testimony in the case, without any regard to previous opinions, formed from irregular and insufficient evidence. Men form and change their opinions of things every day and hour, according to what they hear or know. The time will come, when it will be utterly impossible, in drumming up a jury, in any criminal case, to find one single man who has not read, and talked, and argued about it, and formed, or attempted to form, a great many different opinions.—*North American.*

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 14th to the 21st February.

February 14, received from

R. Murray	$1 00	J. Henry	1 00
W. McAdam	1 00	J. Beckius	2 00
H. C. Beam	2 00	P. S. Wolford	1 00
G. Horfield	1 00	J. Swartz	2 00
C. Tweed	1 00	D. Steward	1 00
Miss A. J. Bailey	1 00	J. Kinsler	2 00
S. Allen	2 00	Mrs. A. Haines	1 00
Miss S. F. Myers	2 00	A. McQuilkin	1 00
J. P. Martin	2 00	Mrs. J. Atkinson	1 00
S. Smiley	1 00	W. Renton	1 00
M. Matthews	1 00	T. Griffin	1 00
G. J. Austin	1 00	J. Wagner	2 00
E. M. Ratcliff	2 00	J. B. Carr	1 00
Miss E. Walker	2 00	A. Horning	1 00
W. Mills	2 00	M. Lautlenberger	3 00
A. Heydrick	2 00	A. Young	1 00

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JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

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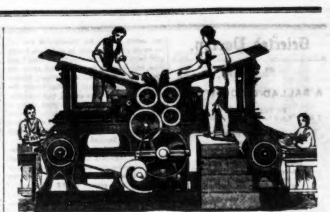
LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS OF THE GENUINE.



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Selected Poetry.

SLANDER.

A BALLAD OF COMFORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

Never you mind what people are doing!
In undermining strength!
What matters it that malice and,
"I've heard it, strongly!"
Don't you? Stand what? An honest man
Is worth his weight in gold,
So, smile to beauty as you can,
Tread calmly, and hold right!

Yes,—blot him black with slander's ink,—
He stands as fair as snow!
You serve him better than you think,
And kindly from you know
What! to it not more credit, then,
That he provokes your blame?
The strength, with all beside you,
It quite a sort of flame!

Through good report, and ill report,
The good man goes his way,
Not condescends to pay his court
To what the vile may say —
Ay, to the scandal what you will,
And whisper what you please,
For do but he his glory still
By standing up in peace.

The little spark becomes a flame!
If you won't hold your tongue
Nobody pays you for your blame,
Nor cares to prove it wrong:
But if you will so kindly aid
And prop a cause that's right,
Why, really one is half afraid
You'll upset decided cases!

Look you!—one chicken paying three,
With introduction in hand,
To keep their distrie in the air
More exotic it as they stand!
It flags and fails it'took about and stop
To look admiring on!
Then it proclaims—you should deny,
Without a pen and ink!

Life in the Pulpit.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

In the Life of an Itinerant.

(CONCLUDED)

[A small pamphlet, with the above caption, appeared in the city some time ago. Published under unfavorable circumstances, it attracted very little attention. A very telling one, no doubt, struck off from the brain of a true Methodist, was purchased of the author understanding privately, and has been circulated by the hundred. Of the genuineness of the narrative, those most familiar with the writer have no doubt. He is a Methodist Preacher, can best judge. It has been shrouded by me who is evidently desirous to be unknown to the world as possible.—*Editors' correspondence Evening Post.*]

FOURTH AND LAST QUARTERLY MEETING.—Thinly attended. Only those official members —like stewards and class leaders—present. Could pay me but twenty-five dollars. Expected it very much. But people didn't get much money, and let it go reluctantly.—Twenty-five dollars! When I seemed ever this meagre sum, I felt choked. I tried to express my thanks for the poor pittance, but the words stuck in my throat.

Twenty-five dollars! What shall I do? My self at the store is nearly that. And the doctor besides attending my wife through her illness with fever, has been called in several times to the children. I cannot expect him to receive me for nothing. In two weeks more I leave for Conference, and pay stage hire for two hundred miles. Twenty-five dollars! Ten and three is a quarter's rent to be paid—six dollars and a quarter. But idle complainings will not assuage my grief. Give me strength, O my God!

My bill at the store was just twenty dollars. Not many charges against me for luxuries. Paid it, and took a receipt. Enough money left to pay my rent. That has been owing for two months. And now what is there left for the doctor? Nothing! Yet, there is the old horse. But what shall I do on my next circuit?—my—and—with around it. And if I sell my horse to pay the doctor, where will the money come from to pay stage fare to Conference? Truly, I am in a great strait. But why should I feel troubled? All will come out right. Do I not claim of our salvation will not send His faithful soldier out to the battle at his own charge. But have I been a faithful soldier? Alas! no. And there lies the ground of my want of confidence. If I had been faithful I was a good, I have been, I would not fear.

Well! I have been to see the doctor. I rode over, and saddled home. He looked grave when he saw me. He knew my errand, and expected me. I had promised to pay him on Saturday, but I had nothing to pay him. When I asked for his bill, he took it from his desk and handed it to me. It was already made out. He knew the Conference year was up. Here, I thought, was the Lord's hand at work in the church. The bill was twelve dollars. Not a heavy or unreasonable charge.

"I am going to send my horse, Doctor," I said, after learning the amount due, "and will then settle your bill."

"Let's look at him," he said, rising and going towards the door.

"Not much to brag of!" he remarked, half contemptuously, after eyeing my poor old horse for a little while.

I felt somewhat indignant, more at his manner than his words. I had learned to set much by my horse, and could not bear to hear him spoken of so lightly.

He is an important beast, and can endure much fatigue," I replied.

"Has he no fault?" As the Doctor asked this, he eyed me with a penetrating look, evidently to detect any thing like a falsehood in my reply. This for a moment, made me lose an exertion of temper; but in the next I had command of him. "Four sins! for he thinks I would put my soul in jeopardy for a few dollars!

"He has but one serious fault," I returned. "He stumbles."

"He stumbles, does he? A dear bargain at any price, if he should break his owner's neck!"

"He has not broken my neck," I said.

"No—but he may do it before you get home with him. Then there would be a new horse to feed, ninety-nine times may be broken at the hundredth time."

"Very true. But I am not in any concern on that account."

"Well, what do you suppose to pay for him?"

"I shall try and get as much as I gave for him."

"You'll not be able to do that. An old broken down hack like him don't bring good prices in these parts. You paid too much for him by five dollars."

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Certainly I do. And more than that, I know so. I could have bought him for fifteen dollars the day before you gave twenty for him."

The information pained me a good deal; not so mortified at the loss of twenty-five dollars, but because a man, who had given me every reason to think well of him since I had lived here, should have deliberately sought to take an act, as to change me, a poor preacher, five dollars more for a horse, than he had offered him for only the day before.

"If you choose," said the Doctor, "I will take your horse at fifteen dollars, and pay you the difference between that sum and my bill. You will find it hard to make a sale of him, I am inclined to think."

This offer I had the decision of mind at once to decline. The doctor was not pleased at my refusal. And I thought there was something in his manner that said I didn't intend to pay him if I could help it. I felt the deeply. But my determination was fixed.

"If you choose to take me at twenty dollars, and pay me the difference, you may do so," I replied. "If not, I shall make the effort to sell him elsewhere, and then settle your bill."

Seeing that I was in earnest, after grumbling a good deal, he finally paid me eight dollars in money, receipted my bill, and took my horse. I then walked home, a distance of some three miles, thankful that my doctor's bill was off of my mind, and quite disposed to look up for aid.

On the next day met a man riding my old horse. Stopped him, and asked what he had paid. Twenty-five dollars he said. Doctor has raked thirty, but twenty-five was all he would give. Thought he had made a very good bargain. Told him further that what I had done, and what the doctor had said about me. I knew having been offered at fifteen dollars. Found that this man was a class leader, and had been asked for the animal, before I came, by the doctor. Could not put the price to me at twenty, because I was a preacher. Finally, he said, was a good lover of money, and had been heard to say, as well a widow's are more than once for his fee!

Unhappy man! If thy soul should be required of thee this night, whose will be all those things be, that thou art setting thy heart on? How will all these end, when thy book of life is opened in the other world? Lord, touch his heart with the finger of Thy love, and melt it into contrition and godly sympathy. *What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

In five days more we must start for ——. But how are we to get there? Only five dollars in money, and my self-respect will not permit me to get on credit. Cannot go to Conference in that old, ragged, mortifying thing, which has already been worn for two years. Her clothes are also in a poor state. But there is no remedy for that. Some will have to be bought. Well, what is to be done? Sell our beds and bedding? What else can we do? I have no money to go to Conference, and yet I must go there. Wife couldn't bear this thought. The beds had been given to her by her mother when we were married.

We shall want beds just as much on our new circuit as on this," she said.

"True, Mary. But how are we to get there? And you know we can't stay here. This is no longer our home. Our only course is to go to Conference, and trust to the Lord beyond that. He has taken care of us thus far, and will not leave us nor forsake us.

While we were yet talking, Brother P—— came in. He had ridden over from Mto tell me that there was a school vacant, with an expense of twenty dollars a quarter, that could be had for me, if I had any wish to teach. I saw Mary's face brighten at this information, particularly as Brother P—— went on to describe the neat little cottage attached for the teacher, with its garden, shrubbery and fruit trees. How my poor heart fluttered! Here was an offer of ease and competence, with the blessed privilege of being always with my family. On the other hand, all was dark and uncertain. I was reduced to the lowest ebb. Yearly had my little means wasted away, and I was growing poorer and poorer. My horse was gone, and the money expended, and I must sell my bed and bedding in order to get the means wherewith to go to Conference. The temptation was strong.

I told Brother P—— that I would decide the next day. He said he would come over again and learn my decision, urging me at the same time to accept the offer. As soon as he had left the house, I took Mary's hand, without speaking a word, and led her back to our parlor and bed room, and after closing the door, knelt down with her by my side, and prayed that God would help us in this hour of our crisis, to the knowledge of His will. We then arose, and I said:—Mary, let us be on our guard. This may be only a temptation for the trial of our faithfulness. We have put our hands to the plough, and must not look back. Here we look back. Hitherto the Lord has helped us. We have had many fears, and but one serious reflection ourselves to fall into back and distrust. But out of every trouble He has delivered us. Let us not now suffer our desert to blossom as the rose, and sent into our thirsty land, springs of water. And He will do it. Let us not, then, for a prospective smile to save, no loss of the church to escape, have we feel as if willing to lay off the armor, and put up the sword? Let us be strong, and we longer in the power of the Wicked One? Let us remember, O, my wife, that we are fighting through the Gospel to every creature no longer in bondage!

I paused. Mary had already laid her head, as was her wont, when her spirit was bowed in prayer, and was weeping silently. I waited a little while for the tempest to subside, before I proceeded.

"Having started in the race, shall we look back? Once upon the house we have put our hand to take any thing out of the house? Having tasted of heavenly manna, shall we turn back and seek for the flesh pots of Egypt? Will this redeemer strife be ever—and then everything was forgotten in the Master's voice—*Well done, good and faithful servant; enter ye in to the joy of your Lord.* Let us not be led to ——. Let us not be led to ——. Let us not be led to ——.